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COLUMBIA WAKING UP THE WORLD

Yankee Doodle Dō.....



Songs and Poems

War and Gold

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THE
LIFE OF



COLUMBIA WAKING UP THE WORLD

Yankee Doodle Dō.....



Copr. 1919, Thomas Scanlan

Songs and Poems

War and Gold

Published by the Author

Thomas Scanlan

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PRELUDE

I write for people not yet broke
To fashion's growls or critics' yoke.
I do not aim to please the wise
That claim the earth, the air, the skies.
I aim to win the kind that moves
In common, honest, worthy groves,
The kind that follow common sense
Across a sea, a field, or fence;
And gives their blood and do their share
To help their country foul or fair.
I write for those and only those
That dare to stand on falsehood's toes
Not caring for its name or breed,
Its standing color, kind or creed;
I write for those that give and take;
Do deeds that keep the world awake
And sometimes through mistake reveals
The greatest things that time conceals.
I write for those that dare to feel
With hearts of flesh and not of steel.
I write for those that dare to think
With their own brains, not brains of ink
Taken from a mummy's grave
In pyramid or mountain cave.
I am only just a common clod—
I fear and worship only God.

THE WAR IS ALL OVER

The war is all over and Liberty smiles;
The sword has dropped in its sheath,
Peace rules the sod, and the angels of God
Not the angels of darkness and death.

Smile and be happy, pray and pray well,
To the Angels and God in high heaven,
For the soldier that lives, and the soldier that fell
That sinned, that their sins be forgiven.

Love and love well, the mother that gave
Her fair laughing boy up to death.
Love and love well, the father that said
My son, draw your sword from its sheath.

Love and love well, the sister that smiled,
When her heart was tortured with pain,
She gave up to glory, the brother she loves
Her eyes may not see him again.

Love and love well, the girl that gave
Her sweetheart to justice and fame.
When her pale quivering lips whispered, farewell,
Hope whispered, I tell you the same.

Love, love, the child cast adrift on life's sea,
Its father is under the sod.
His death made the world happy and free,
His child must be guided to God.

Stand and stand well, for the glory we won,
In France, the land of the brave,
Stand and stand well, for the thanks that we got
That was whispered from LaFayette's grave.

Stand, stand, for a star of glorious gold
On our glorious Red, White and Blue.
And thank our God that gave us the power
To do only what heroes can do.

THE LOST BATTALION

Lost, cut off and surrounded,
Like tigers we stand in our nest.
We will make a new record for glory,
And pin a new badge on his breast.

All that we own in this world
Is the hole that we stand in to die.
Our only way open to freedom,
Is the way that death makes to the sky.

Surrender! "Go-to-Hell!" is our answer.
Go-to-Hell! and stay there you must.
God won't open up Heaven,
To souls stained with murder and lust.

Surrender!—we answer with bullets
From rifles that always spit death.
Surrender!—the foul mouth that called it
We filled with a blood-clotted breath.

No food! Brave hearts never hunger.
No drink! Brave lips never dry.
Lost? No glory will find us;
Our names will live if we die.

No hope? Yes, up in high heaven,
Hope calls to Liberty's braves,
And God and our country forever
Will bless the grass on our graves.

No love? Father, sister and mother,
And sweethearts that know not deceit.
Will send us their love up to Heaven,
That the love of the Angels will greet.

No love? The world will love us.
No love? The living and dead
Will love every sod that we stand on,
Everything that we do or we said.

Sweetheart, remember—I am dying!
The blood from my brain blurs my sight.
One shot more—I killed him! that killed me.
Oh beautiful world—good night.

THE MAID THAT GAVE ALL TO HER FRANCE

As straight and as fair as a lily,
As strong as the shaft of a lance,
Tearless—fearless—defiant,
She stood in the ashes of France.

The blood of her brother and lover,
Stained the roots of the upturned sod.
She prayed, not for life or for honor—
For victory she prayed to her God.

The blood of her mother and sire,
Dried on the charred wreck of her home,
She tossed into Liberty's fire,
The sorrow that made her heart foam.

The wail of the child in the cradle
That was wounded to death with a shell,
Brought her only a quiver of horror;
Defeat was the name of her hell.

The cross of her God and the altar,
That was burned to cinders and dust,
She shook from the fringe of her memory,
And there virgins desecrated by lust.

Like a compass controlled by a magnet,
Her heart moved to victory—advance!
And God cleansed the home and the honor
Of the maid that gave all to her France.

DEAR MOTHER

Dear Mother—Mother Darling,
A hand that writes for mine,
Will tell you where I'm buried,
On the French defensive line.

And it will tell you, Mother,
That the hand that writes no more,
Carried our fame-kissed banner,
Where it never waved before.

Where the battle smoke of ages,
Drops its crimson dust;
Where Glory writes his record,
And frees his blade of rust.

Where a hand that shook the world,
Like a lion shakes his prey,
Drew a sword that flashed to Heaven,
And dazzles earth today.

And tumbled down the idols,
That threw shadows where he trod,
And made the world whisper—
Is he Devil? Is he God?

I know that Death is near me,
I know I feel his breath,
There is some unknown knowledge,
That couples life with death.

The damp, red clay above me,
Will dry, and green grass grow,
And sparkling dew drops gather,
Like friends of long ago.

But not one tear or murmur,
Remember, Mother Mine,
For the boy that left the Hudson,
To die beside the Rhine.

I will stand before my Maker,
Who gave my life to you,
With Columbia's seal upon me,
Marked tested, brave and true.

MY HEART IS WITH YOU, DARLING

My heart is with you, darling,
On every sea and shore.
And your love will guide and guard me,
Through tomorrow's battle roar.

When glory sounds the trumpet,
Between the sun and the sod,
Where God forgets His mercy
And man forgets his God.

When heroes battle heroes—
And toss their lives to death,
Where the red ribbed smoke of battle,
Blinds their eyes and gags their breath.

Where charger leaps on charger,
Froth flaked with fiery eyes,
And dash through battle's terrors,
Like comets through the skies.

When Death rides through the battle,
On sword point, shot and shell,
And crowds the roads eternal,
That lead to Heaven and Hell.

My heart is with you, Darling,
On every sea and shore,
Where Columbia waves Old Glory,
For the land that we adore.

WE ARE ON THE ROAD TO BERLIN

We are on the road to Berlin,
We will get there very soon.
We will play the Kaiser William
A good old happy tune.

We will play him Yankee Doodle
And Dixie good and loud,
We are coming Kaiser William,
And we will get there with the crowd.

We are going to bring a circus,
And do some Yankee tricks,
You must dance to Fiddler France,
No use fun spieling nix.

We are going to visit Gretchen,
Any buy her woolen socks.
And Hons will have to stump around,
Bare footed on the rocks.

We are going to catch the Kaiser,
And bring him over seas.
And take him down to Arkansas,
And give him three degrees.

WE ARE COMING WITH OLD GLORY

We are coming with Old Glory five million men or more,
We will show the wide, wide world what Columbia has in store—
The parting kiss that burns, the lips that say farewell,
Is given not to cowards, our battle records tell.

We are coming with a glory that glory never gives
To tyrant ridden soldier that meets defeat and lives;
We are coming to the rescue—for neither gold nor fame
Of sunny France that broke a lance in our cause the same.

We are coming from our valleys that God has never made
For trembling feet of cowards or hearts of tyrant grade;
We are coming from our rivers that weave rainbows in their foam
That whisper love and liberty, God Bless our Happy Home.

We are coming from our mountains, where God and gold supreme
And courage, honor, virtue, is a truth and not a dream;
We are coming from our mountains that touch the bluest skies
That ever God created for brave and happy eyes.

We are coming, coming, coming with a sword that's Glory's own
That deceit has never darkened, that defeat has never known;
We are coming, coming, coming with a sword of Bunker Hill,
To break the blade of tyrants that is working horror's will.

ROOSEVELT

Death wipes his pen. Another name
Is added to the roll of fame.
Heaven opened wide its gate
A soul passed from the hand of fate,
A star has darted from our skies
Earth looses, heaven gains a prize.

Clasp hands o'er his grave, friend and foe; he was brave
And true to his Country and God,
He left a deep trail, not a mark like a snail!
The horse that he rode was rough shod!

His blood stained the vine in the Land of the Rhine,
Where his Eaglet dropped from a cloud;
He classed with the best; he was tested—the test
Marked him up with the proudest of proud.

It needs no mass of granite or brass
To tell ages what he has done.
Hide Roosevelt's name from Honor and Fame!
Hide the earth with your hand from the sun!

On the sand and sea and mountain top, he
Made a track that Time cannot erase;
Every flag that's unrolled his name will unfold,
While the world is revolving in space.

WHERE THE HUDSON MEETS THE SEA

It is here we loved and parted,
My soldier boy and I.
Where the laughing Hudson kisses
The Palasades goodbye.

Will he prove false or falter?
If brighter eyes than mine,
Throw love beams on his pathway,
In the land of love and wine?

I can give him up to Glory,
And never drop a tear.
But his heart is mine, his country's,
His childhood home is here.

Where eagles from the highlands,
And sea gulls wild and free,
Rest on golden towers
Where the Hudson meets the sea.

OH BEAUTIFUL BUD

Oh beautiful bud, just peeping at earth,
From florescence cover, where you bedded since birth.
You feel the bright sunbeams, but don't see the sun,
Breath the balm, not the chill, of the life you have won.

Oh beautiful bud—the charms you hold,
Are fairer than beauties your leaves may unfold.
The mysteries that please the heart and the brain,
When broken, may bring disappointment and pain.

Oh beautiful bud—the sweets that you keep
The bee longs for more than the sweets you give cheap,
The kiss that he takes from your unopened store
He prizes far more than the honey you pour.

Oh beautiful bud—I fear you conceal
A thorn that fingers that clasp you will feel
And feel all through life, and under the sod
And their spirit will feel in the presence of God.

PADDY BLAKE

Oh put it thare, my hartey,
It's the hand of Paddy Blake,
It's a hand that won't forsake you,
If your hart with troubles quake.

Thare is no rings upon it,
And maybe it's not clane,
But the dirt you see upon it,
Won't give your soul a stain.

Oh, put it thare, my hartey,
My hart is in my hand,
But that's a fault you'll always find,
With boys from Paddy's land.

If trouble comes upon you,
Or sorrow drags you down,
Or your nearest friend forsakes you,
Or your dearest growl and frown.

If black clouds rise and smother,
Your sun of love and joy,
A harty hand can help you,
Of a dacent Irish boy.

GOLDEN BROWN HAIR

She has golden brown hair, a face that is fair,
A heart that is happy and true.
She blooms like a rose wherever she goes,
She won't be forgotten by you.
She won't be forgotten by you, you, you.
She won't be forgotten by you.

She has golden brown hair, a face that is fair,
And lips that say kiss, if you will,
If you take a few score I will have a few more,
For the boy that I meet on the hill.
If you take a few score I will have a few more,
For the boy that I meet on the hill.

She has golden brown hair, her eyes will compare
With the bluest of blue skies above,
She cares not a thread what people have said,
She was made to love and be loved,
She cares not a thread what people have said,
She was made to love and be loved.

THE GIRL WITH THE CALICO DRESS

Oh give me the girl with the calico dress,
Her heart is honest and free.
If I have a girl with a calico dress,
She, will keep all her kisses for me.
She, will keep all her kisses for me-me-me,
She, will keep all her kisses for me.

Oh give me the girl with the calico dress,
Her heart is honest and kind.
She; will love me through sorrow and pain,
To my faults and my follies be blind.
And she, will keep all her kisses for me-me-me,
She, will keep all her kisses for me.

Oh give me the girl with the calico dress.
She, will be honest and faithful through life.
She, won't be a goddess, a queen, or a doll,
But she will be a good honest wife.
And she will keep all her kisses for me-me-me,
She, will keep all her kisses for me.

A SIGH AND A TEAR

A smile and a kiss, a sigh and a tear
Is all I could give—you leave nothing more.
I trusted too much, I loved you too dear,
I prayed to my God, but you did adore.

Your cold, careless kiss, your heartless farewell,
Tells what your false smile attempts to conceal,
The hot blood of passion that warmed my heart
Your luke warm love, has caused to congeal.

I loved you too well—I answered your call
You called like a tyrant and willed like a brute.
I cannot reveal the depth of my fall,
My pride is still living and bids me be mute.

But mark, from this hour—I shadow your path
And tangle your feet and strike till you fall,
And rob you of honor; know woman's wrath
Drowns hope and mercy in vengeance and gall.

THE SUNBEAMS OF SUNRISE

The sunbeams of sunrise that smother,
The retiring shadows of night,
Light up the tops of the mountains.
Before the low lowlands get light.

The grizzly and wolf leave their cover,
The deer and the elk leave their beds.
The skylark and eagle fly over,
The beautiful snow on their heads.

Pure crystal streams from the snow caps,
Leap down into torrents below,
That throw out a jumble of rainbows
To crown the wild waters below.

The wild mountain flower that blossoms,
And the lilies that are drenched with the spray
Of the brightest and purest of waters,
Kiss the first glorious sunbeams of day.

A SAIL AHO!

A Sail, Aho! a raking mast
In the good old days now done.
And Jackie standing, hard and fast
Behind the Long Tom Gun.

The sail, aho, and the Long Tom rule
Is done forever more.
Jackie stands by the funnel now
That smoke and cinders pour.

A whale, aho, a mine in sight
A wire on our bow
The Jackie calls from the submarine
That kings the ocean now.

And will king, stop the submarine
By law, take what it won.
Throw off the will of God, the hand
That rules the earth and sun.

It came, it left a trail of Bones
On every ocean bed.
It can't be chained, it ruled, will rule,
Calls out the ocean's dead.

PICTURES OF A DEFEATED!

Say what will you do with the pictures
Of the park that you had in your mind?
And what will you do with the people
That your boasting made silly and blind?

And what will you do with the autos
You bought to speed with when it's done?
And what will you do with the girl
That was ready to join in the fun?

And what will you do with the lawyers
Who would prove to the public and court
That speeding is innocent pleasure,
And murder the finest of sport.

And what will you do with the doctors,
With their bandages, pills and queer tools
That would surely get jobs from the parkway
If it wasn't defeated by fools?

And what will you do for the dollars
That the beautiful parkway would rob?
And what will you do with the coffins,
That the parkway would put on a job?

And what will you do for the devil,
That was waiting to enter the park,
With hell-hounds to trail up young girls
Who were out on an innocent lark?

And what will you do with the scorn
That you got for working the job,
And what will you do with the thorn
That your conscience will meet with a sob?

HER SAILOR BOY

She sat with a handful of flowers
On a cliff that hung over the sea.
And whispered, O Heavenly Father
Have mercy, have pity on me.

She sat with a handful of flowers
And looked at the froth on the wave
The wind and the water that made it
Swept over her sailor boy's grave.

Oh wind, oh water, she murmured,
Carry a message of love
To the bones of my sweetheart you cover
To my sailor boy's spirit above.

Her tears, her prayers and her flowers
She cast in the froth of the wave
Her sailor boy's spirit called, welcome
As she leaped to her sailor boy's grave.

CUPID

With quiver filled and bended bow
 Laughing little cupid starts—
I follow and take in the show,
 And watch Him spot and puncture hearts.

The little outlaw pays no heed,
 To law or order, good or bad.
He shoots and laughs, and laughs, and shoots
 At ugly, handsome, good and bad.

A school boy stops his race and cheer
 An arrow pierced his wild, young heart.
A laughing school girl standing near
 Is struck, I see her blush and start.

Smooth Bald Pate logic they defy,
 Old cackling shrews they do not heed.
Wild warnings they let whistle by—
 Of men and women run to seed.

And now Old Bald Pate gets a shot,
 His old heart punctured out of shape,
Quivers with, well, Love it's not,
 With heat, a better heat than Hate.

The shrew is pierced, the proper prude
 Just bites her lip when she is hit,
He spots the senseless simpering dude,
 He spots the soldier, sage and wit.

Right and left and up and down,
 He shoots and never makes a miss.
And punctures lawyers, judges, things,
 That say, it is a sin to kiss.

Down the road to Hell, he shoots,
 And when he hits a soul is saved.
The Devil never catches souls
 That cupid's arrows pierce or shaved.

Up he swings his bow, the saints
And Angels cheer the Laughing Boy
Heaven's love that fills their hearts,
Welcomes darts from Cupid's toy.

I guess it's time to quit the show,
For if he turns he shoots, and say,
He shoots men falling in their graves,
Just such as I am, every day.

CAMOUFLAGED

Say what will we do with the hours
That we steal from Old Father Time?
Will they bring us more spuds or more flowers,
Or add to our virtue or crime?

Will the preacher get more for his preaching
Or the loafer get more for his loaf,
Or the soldier more crosses or ribbon
From the time that we steal or cut off?

Will our tongue wag faster or slower,
Our eyes see more or see less,
Through the time that we steal for no purpose
But just to be stealing I guess.

Will we make or squander more dollars
With the time that we pinch from the sun,
Will we make a new mark on time's blackboard*
With either our prayerbook or gun?

Will Tige or the Cid get more cussing
Or more time to bark or to yell
From the time that we steal for no profit
That helps neither heaven nor hell.

* Night.

GOLD

Fancy calls me to the court
Where mortals come for drink and feed.
Where gold is got to wear and sport,
And gold is craved for every need.

Angels watch and guard the doors,
And whisper—"do not take too much,"
And saints call out, "Mortals mind,
The more you crave, the more you touch."

They come with fingers nerved to clasp,
They come with eyes aflame with greed,
They come with hearts prepared to grasp—
More than all the world needs.

They come—they rush—the weak go down,
The more that fall—the higher goes
The crowd on top, that leaps and raves,
That neither love nor pity knows.

They claim, and grasp each other's share,
And trip, and gouge, and rise, and fall.
Their object never is obtained,
Because they cannot get it all.

The woeful moan of starving babes,
And sobs of dying mothers crushed
Calls no halt, on—on—they go,
Fighting, raving, pushing, pushed.

Nations build and break their thrones,
With golden hammers, dipped in blood.
And fight like greedy dogs with bones,
For gold to make their glory good.

The cross of Christ is raised above,
That trails that leads to virgin gold,[†]
And over many crimes it breeds,
Heaven's banner is unrolled.

[†] Gold Dust.

Virgin gold—the hearts you win
Will love you till they beat their last,
Blood stained gold‡—the hearts you chain
Will hug their chains till life is passed.

‡ Gold in Circulation.

LIGHT IS HER FOOT ON THE STIRRUP

Light is her foot on the stirrup,
Light is her hand on the rein,
And light is the heart of the girl
That rides over the mountain and plain.

The steed is proud of his rider,
The rider is proud of her steed,
The mountains and valleys that breed them
Are proud of the breed that they breed.

The steed is as fleet and light footed
As the deer that leaps through the hills.
The girl is as kind and light hearted
As the fawn that leaps over the rills.

The breath from the nostrils commingle,
Their hearts keep time as they speed,
The broncho springs light with his rider,
The rider sits light on her steed.

They dart through the deepest of canyons
Like sunbeams darting through gloom,
They cross the highest of mountains
Where thunder clouds part and make room.

Through the froth and the roar of the torrent
That springs from mountains of snow
They dash and leave rainbows behind them
To drift to the valleys below.

The wolf and the grizzly find cover
Where the hoof of he broncho strikes sod
The eagle flies higher above her
And nearer the foot-prints of God.

THE WARRIOR'S WARNING

Warrior—

Death shadows your trail—the warrior wills
That gold hunter stop—I own the Black Hills!
The Great Spirit gave it to me and my breed.
When the world was made, He planted my seed
In the hills and the canyons where wild flowers bloom,
With the graves of my kindred the Gold Hunter's tomb
Can never find place—only Indian fills
Graves in the beautiful Mystic Black Hills.

Prospector—

Warrior, I do the will of my kind,
Their call is for gold—I answer it blind.
Death sharpens the knife that gold hunters hold,
To blaze out the trails to silver and gold.
Your war cries, and death cries, and warnings I hear,
But they pass, like an eagle flies over a deer.

Warrior—

I know not your gold, and I love not your kind.
Stop! or a grave is all you will find.
The first sun that dawned on the mystic Black Hills,
Seen my camp fire smoke—seen me drink from its rills
The Great Spirit gave me a heart free from fear,
And an arm and hand to hurl the spear.

Prospector—

Warrior! I pass—my work must be done.
Your camp fire smoke must darken the sun
In the mystic Black Hills—your lodge must come down.
I fear not your spear—and I heed not your frown.
The warrior's lodge poles are standing on gold,
That white men have worshipped for ages untold.

Warrior—

Gold Hunter! I worship the Spirit that sleeps
Where no foot ever treads, where no eye ever peeps,
In the whispering cave—breath its whisper—its death,
Breathe it! you breathe the great Spirit's breath.
Gold Hunter! I pray to the Spirit that speaks,
From the Black Canyon shadows, from the cliffs and the peaks.
That breaks the black clouds that lightnings unfold,
In the mystic Black Hills, I pray not to gold!
The Papoose and Indian Mother will play
On the trails that mark the warrior's way.
And the Indian Maid will play in the rills,
On the sod and the peaks of the mystic Black Hills.
You die—and I die, on our blood-clotted trails,
Comes the cow, and the sheep, and the men at their tails.
The gambler will come with his chips and his game.
Bad women will come, with their smiles and their shame.
Gold hunter, they kill off the buffalo and deer—
That follow the soldiers that follow you here.
The gold that you get they will take from your purse,
And the papoose I leave they will brand with a curse,
The warrior owns the peaks and the rills—
Every mountain and river in the Mystic Black Hills!

Prospector—

Warrior—

Warrior—I pass!	Gold Hunter—you die!
The gold hunter falls!	The warrior's death cry,
Peals forth! another gold hunter goes by.	
Pass, soldier and miner, and maid with a hood,	
But your shoes will be stained with prospector's blood.	
Pass man with the pen, and man with the chart,	
The prospector's brain, and the prospector's heart,	
Made the first map of the Mystic Black Hills,	
That pour out gold in bright yellow rills.	

PROSPECTORS, TRAPPERS AND HUNTERS

They polished their guns by the camp fire,
Pounded out some quartz for a test.
Watered and hobbled their bronchos,
Then lolled back on their elbows to rest.

They are prospectors, trappers and hunters,
And gamblers when out on a lark.
They spend their gold dust as they make it,
It goes to a gold fish,* or shark.†

Their tent is their home, and their horses
Their servants, companions and friends.
At the Rio Grande and the Selkirks,‡
Their prospecting trails always ends.

Their eye is their compass, their rifles
Protect them from hunger and Reds.
Their hearts are as light as the sunbeams
That cover their tents and their heads.

Their Master is up in high Heaven,
The only Master they know.
And if they shirk prospecting, praying,
He is so high up above He won't know.

Trouble may come, but don't tarry,
Ventilate it with bullets, and it goes;
They won't run for office, won't marry,
Won't run from their friends or their foes.

Before the call of the mountains
And the call of the gold shaped their lives,
They had enemies—friends never mentioned,
They may have had sweethearts and wives.

But when they reach into their memories,
And pull out threads slow or fast,
They break where the threads from the gold belts,
Are spliced with the threads of the past.

* Dancing Girls

† Gamblers

‡ B. C. Mountains

Their names were short, plain, unpolished,
Just simply Harry and Dick.
But names don't count on the gold belt
That is worked with a rifle and pick.

They laughed, spoke low, often whispered,
About their friends of the trails;
The notches they had on their rifles,
The fork tongues, they used in their tales.

The passions where wild people frolicked,
On the floor of the dance house or stage,
They smoothed out with happy excuses,
Or cut out with half smothered rage.

They loved little case keeper Kitty,
She marked up wrong cards now and then,
But she called for the drinks, if discovered,
And winked at the girls and the men.

The pet of the dance house that whistled,
A tune that the Devil could dance,
They praised for her youth and her beauty,
And her dare devil frolic and glance.

But the queen of the hills, and the valleys,
That kept devils and saints in her train,
They cursed—they worshipped—defended,
They called her Calamity Jane!

Black Lue, that would play with the Devil,
And steal the best cards if he could,
He only just loved to play poker,
And was a true friend, if not good.

Pale Hank, that held up the coaches,
Was broke and needed the dust,
If he didn't shoot something up—surely,
His guns would get useless with rust.

All men! whispered Harry, you know it,
That ever set foot on earth's sod,
Have some buried bones in some puddle,
That is close to the trails that they trod.

All women! You know it, I know it,
No matter how honored their name,
Have buried in the ashes of passion,
Some fault that would darken their fame

No man was ever intended,
To be a saint on earth's sod,
No woman was ever intended,
To be as good as her God.

The rose that blooms on the hillside,
Is rooted in the commonest earth,
The flower that is bred in the hot house,
From the barn yard's sweepings takes birth.

We live by a power we know not,
We are moved by that power through life.
God fashions the man for his labor,
The woman for spinster or wife.

The hero springs up from the gutter,
The son of the hero goes down
To the shambles, and rookeries of nothing,
Where he herds with the get of a clown.

We stand on the hand of our Maker,
Revolve on His will as earth swings,
Women don't get saints when they marry,
And men don't get angels with wings.

The moon looks over the mountain,
I think we had better roll in,
For we must strike for new diggings,
That have a record of sin.

Tomorrow we saddle our bronchos,
And strike for the hole in the wall,
Where saints don't sing hymns in the evening,
And Angels don't visit at all.

DON'T SELL THE HIDE UNTIL YOU SKIN THE BEAR

Pat and Mike, by the way, were happy and gay,
Two gossoons, from Erin's green sod,
Their blood swelled their veins, and heart beat their brains,
Away sometime from their God.

They bet their chips high in the good days gone by,
In a certain gold camp I won't name,
And they filled their glass full of stuff that would pull
A fight out of gossoons less game.

They went to a man that sold grub by the can,
And wanted his money right there,
And sold him a hide that one day they spied
On the back of a grizzly bear.

They said it was drying and they weren't lying,
It was on the grizzly's back,
They would bring it next day—they wanted their pay—
They needed some things for their shack.

The bargain was made, though not a cent paid,
Pat and Mike struck out for the hare,
That grizzly owned yet—we will have it you bet,
Said Pat, and we'll go on a tare.

They had guns, knives and powder; commenced to talk
louder,
When around a big ragged rock
The grizzly jumped, grabbed Mike; Paddy humped
And left his friend Michael in hock.

Mike bawled so loud, the bear thought a cloud
Had bursted just over his head,
He let go of Mike, who started a hike
When he caught up to Pat, Paddy said:

"What did the bear say?" "Faith, Pat, by the way,"
Mike answered, "He talked to me fair,
He said it's a sin to sell a bear skin
Till you take it away from the bear."

"I talked to him loud, and I believe he is cowed,
Stay and talk to him, Pat, if you will,
But I am off for town, where I'll get and I'll down
A pint of good stuff from a still."

JACK CARELESS SOLILOQUY

There are mountains and mountains and mountains,
And rivers, and rivers, and lakes—
There are high peaks, and snow caps, and glaciers,
But the Wind River* is none of your fakes.

They water the sun in the morning,
When it starts on its job for the day.
And it gets its night cap from Freemont ‡
That you stand on, Jack Careless, today.

One hand of our Wind River giants,
Pats Atlantic on our eastern shores,
The other grasps the mighty Pacific,
That roars at the Orient doors.

All the beautiful, wonderful scenery,
That globe trotters run to and prize,
Could be tossed in their Yellowstone wonder,†
And disappear from the sight of our eyes.

Hell has its store house and kitchen,
Just under its evergreen sod,
And its geysers go ripping and pitching,
From Hell to the realms of God.

There are rainbows painted and punctured,
On their granites, their porphyry, and lime.
That was made by the great Master Painter,
That paints rainbows since beginning of time.

* Wind River Mountains.

‡ Highest Peak on the Wind River Mo

† Yellowstone Park.

Alone, with your God and your conscience,
Jack Careless, don't wade out too deep,
Into problems not solved by the sages,
Where the gods of dipomas can't creep.

Alone, no, I am stalked by a grizzly;
A wolf marks my stand from his lair,
His nose twitching nervously, all ready
For a feed if I am killed by the bear.

The cougar growls low in his crevis,
That is stained with the blood of his prey,
But he knows Jack Careless is ready—
Holds four acres, if he makes a play.

The sun and the eagles above me,
The bright mountain torrents below
Are no wilder, no freer, nor careless,
Than Jack, that Jack Careless don't know.

Jack Careless, an hour slipped by you,
And you slept it through like a fool,
That would make you a magnet of power,
But you slept—wake up—nothing's tool.

You slept, but fate drugged that hour,
As sure as that hour went by,
As sure as Hell has its Devil
And God rules Heaven on high.

Don't grieve for the power you bartered,
Or the velvet that slipped from your feet,
The life, and the love that you chartered
Is happy, contented, and sweet.

Your mountain rose wears brilliant diamonds,
They are set in her beautiful eyes,
Her heart is a precious red ruby,
And her love is a Heavenly prize.

We met in the froth of youth's rapids,
Where souls are drowned in love,
We were whirled and twisted together,
I fear—not by Heaven above.



We leaped in the lap of desire.
Desire, the monarch of youth—
Conscience, and justice took fire,
And burned up caution and truth.

It is true—she was chained to another,
And the chains were broken with blood
It is true that I answered her brother
In a gun play that did him no good.

It is true that the law stands between us
Cold, heartless, and ready to strike.
It is true that we tunneled under
And do just about as we like.

It is true a leech on your record
Is sucking its life's blood away.
And will suck when your grave is closed over,
And will suck on the great judgment day.

Alone, like a fool wonder hunter,
I stand here spinning out words,
That scares off the elk and the black tail,*
Bees, butterflies, beautiful birds.

Well, I stop—drop down from Freemont,
And drop in my nest lower down,
Where my mountain rose sweeps away memories,
That might bring a chill or a frown.

* Black Tail Deer.

OH GIVE THIS WILD BRONCHO A PLACE AT THE SHOW

Oh give this wild broncho a place at the show,
I don't ask for a stall or a ribbon, you know.
Give me any old place inside of the fence,
I will be little trouble and little expense.
I will pick up my feed as I do on the plains,
Where a horse gets his feed with his muscle and brains.
I get you, your beef, the windy cow punch,
Just sit on my back and give me a hunch;
Before the punch came with his cows and his calves,
I run with a bunch that did nothing by halves.

The warrior's dart and the warrior's spear,
Went straight from my back through the grizzly and deer.
Through the buffalo and wolf, mountain lion and all,
That the warrior killed when I answered his call.
The warrior's spear and the warrior's dart,
Went straight from my back through his enemy's heart.
The war cry that echoed from the sod to the cloud,
Made the broncho and warrior fearless and proud.
The death cry that quivered along on our trail,
Made neither the broncho nor warrior quail.

As bright as a sunbeam, as light as a cloud,
The Indian maid rode me, happy and proud.
Her moccasined foot that patted my flanks,
I answered before she had time to say, "Thanks."
My mane brushed her face and the beads on her breast,
When she crouched low and whispered, now Pungo,*your best.

The white hunter came brave, fearless and bold,
And took from the warrior his country and gold.
The white hunter came—cold, careless and proud,
The sun of the warrior set in a cloud.
The warrior passed, the Indian lives
On food from the hand that he never forgives.

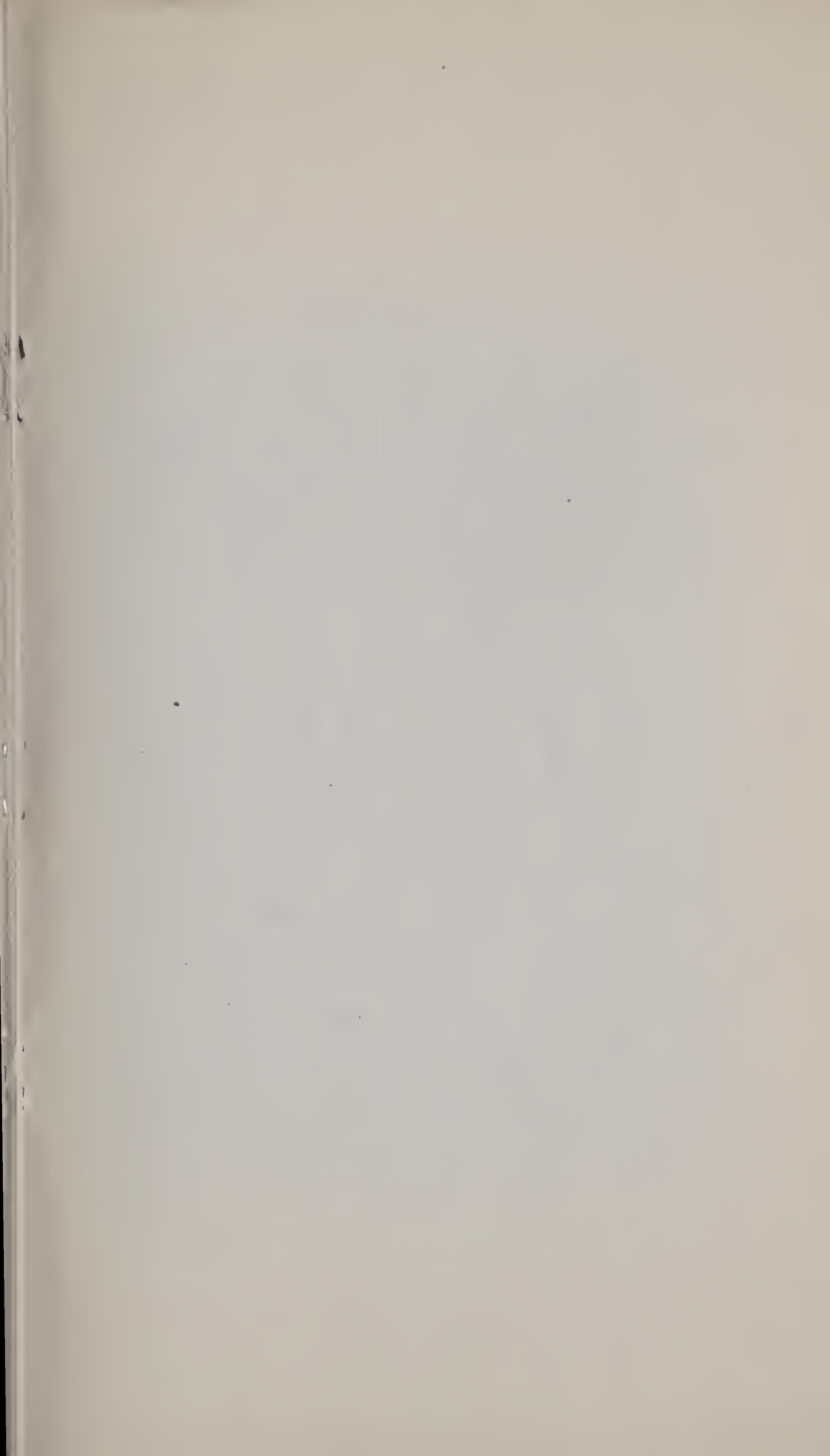
The warrior went, the gold hunter came,
I carried him on to riches and fame.
Mountains and valleys and canyons we trod,

* Indian Name for Broncho.

That none ever seen but ourselves and our God.
And the game that God made, for the man that He made,
To mark out a trail for the man with the spade.
To mark out a trail for the man with the cow,
For the man with a ewe, and the man with a sow.
The Death Valley lizard has heard the death groan
Of the broncho that marked out his trail with his bones.
The Death Valley serpent has heard the death wail,
Of the man that found gold, but died on the trail.
Alas, times have changed, the low of the cow,
And the call of the puncher is all I hear now.
And the bleat of the sheep, and the grunt of the sow.

I came from old Spain my pedigree told,
Marks me high on the records of glory and gold.
I came with Cortez; Cortez* without me would never again
 have looked on the sea,
We came from Castile, that bred game cocks that flew.
To countries unknown when the world was new.
I came from Castile, that made swords that unrolled
The map of the world, and marked out its gold.
Blood tells in the miles and the deeds that we do,
And not in the size or the shape of the shoe.
Farewell, I know I'll get nothing from you,
I will get more from the blizzard I meet on the plain
That for you I plow through with muscle and brain.

* Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico, brought the first horses
to the American continent.



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